McKean County Miner.

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The McKean County Miner

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[illegible] of Mails

[illegible] Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

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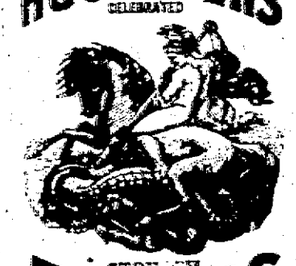

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Thankful Blossom

A Romance of the Jerseys, 1779.

By BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER IV.

The sun was high over the Short Hills when Mistress Thankful, the next day, drew up her sweating mare beside the Blossom Farm gate. She had never looked prettier, she had never felt more heartpressed, as she entered her own house. During her rapid ride she had already framed a speech of apology to Maj. Van Zandt, which, however, utterly fled from her lips as that officer bowed himself respectfully on the threshold. Yet she permitted him to usurp the functions of the grinning Cæsar, and help her from her horse; albeit she was conscious of extinguishing the awkward timidity of a bashful cadet, until at last, with a stammering "Thank ye," she actually ran up stairs to hide her glowing face and far too conscious eyelids.

During the rest of that day Maj. Van Zandt quietly kept out of her way without obtrusively seeming to avoid her. Yet, when they met casually in the performance of her household duties, the innocent Mistress Thankful noticed, under her downcast penitential eyelids, that the eyes of the officer followed her intently. And therein she fell unconsciously to imitating them, and so they eyed each other furtively like cats, and rubbed themselves along the walls of rooms and passages when they met, lest they should seem designedly to come near each other, and exacted the gravest and most formal of genuflections, courtesies and bows when they accidentally did meet. And just at the close of the second day, as the elegant Maj. Van Zandt was feeling himself fast becoming a driveling idiot and an awkward country bumpkin, the arrival of a courier from headquarters forced that gentleman his self possession forever.

Mistress Thankful was in her sitting room when he knocked at the door. She opened it in sudden, conscious trepidation.

"I ask pardon for intruding, Mistress Thankful Blossom," he said gravely, "but I have there"—he held out a pretentious document—"a letter for you from headquarters. May I hope that it contains good news—the release of your father—and that it relieves you from my presence, and an espionage which I assure you cannot be more unpleasant to you than it has been to myself?"

As he entered the room, Thankful had risen to her feet with the full intention of delivering to him her little set apology; but as he ended his speech, she looked at him blankly, and burst out crying.

Of course he was in an instant at her side, and holding her cold little hand. There she managed to say, between her tears, that she had been wanting to make an apology to him, that she had wanted to say ever since she arrived that she had been rude, very rude and that she knew he never could forgive her, that she had been trying to say that she never could forget his gentle forbearance, only she added, suddenly raising her tear fringed brown lids to the astonished man "you wouldn't, never let me."

"Dear Mistress Thankful," said the major, in conscience stricken horror, "if I have made myself distant to you, believe me it was only because I feared to intrude upon your sorrow. I really—dear Mistress Thankful—I"——

"When you took all the pains to go round the hall instead of through the dining room, lest I should ask you to forgive me," sobbed Mistress Thankful, "I thought—you—must—hate me, and preferred to"——

"Perhaps this letter may mitigate your sorrow, Mistress Thankful," said the officer, pointing to the letter she still held unconsciously in her hand.

With a blush at her preoccupation, Thankful opened the letter. It was a half official document and ran as follows:

The commander-in-chief is glad to inform Mistress Thankful Blossom that the charges preferred against her father have, upon fair examination, been found groundless and trivial. The commander-in-chief further begs to inform Mistress Blossom that the gentleman known to her under the name of the "Baron Pompeno" was his excellency Don Juan Morales, ambassador and envoy extraordinary of the court of Spain, and that the gentleman known to her as the "Count Ferdinand" was Senor Godoy, secretary to the embassy. The commander-in-chief wishes to add that Mistress Thankful Blossom is relieved of any further obligation of hospitality toward these honourable gentlemen, as the commander-in-chief regrets to record the sudden and deeply to be deplored death of his excellency this morning by sythkoll fever and the possible speedy return of the embassy.

In conclusion the commander-in-chief wishes to bear testimony to the truthfulness, intuition and discretion of Mistress Thankful Blossom.

By order of his excellency,
GEN. GERARD WASHINGTON.

ALEX. HAMILTON, Secretary.

To Mistress Thankful Blossom, of Blossom Farm.

Thankful Blossom was silent for a few moments, and then raised her abashed eyes to Maj. Van Zandt. A single glance satisfied her that he knew nothing of the imposture that had been practiced upon him—knew nothing of the trap into which her vanity and self will had led her.

"Dear Mistress Thankful," said the major, seeing the distress in her face, "I trust the news is not ill. Surely I gathered from the sergeant that"——

"What" said Thankful, looking at him innocently.

"That in twenty-four hours at furthest your father would be free, and that I should be relieved"——

"I know that you are a-weary of your task, major," said Thankful, bitterly; "no joisee then, to know your information is correct, and that my father is exhonerated—unless—unless this is a forgery, and Gen. Washington should turn out to be somebody else, and you should turn out to be somebody else"—— And she stopped short and hid her wet eyes in the window curtains.

"Poor girl!" said Maj. Van Zandt to himself. "This trouble has undoubtedly frenzied her. Fool that I was to lay up the insult of one that sorrow and excitement had bereft of reason and responsibility. 'Twere better I should retire at once and leave her to herself," and the young man slowly retreated toward the door.

But at this moment there were alarming symptoms of distress in the window curtain, and the major paused as a votre from its dimity depths said plaintively, "And you are going without forgiving me?"

"Forgive you, Mistress Thankful," said the major, striding to the curtain, and seizing a little hand that was obtruded from its folds—"forgive your father can you forgive me for the folly—the cruelty of mistaking—of—of"—and here the major, hitherto famous for facile compliment, utterly broke down. But the hand he held was no longer cold, but warm and intelligent; and in default of coherent speech he held fast by that as the thread of his discourse, until Mistress Thankful quietly withdrew it, thanked him for his forgiveness and retired deeper behind the curtain.

When he had gone, she threw herself in a chair, and again gave way to a passion-ate flood of tears. In the last twenty-four hours her pride had been utterly humbled; her independent spirit of the self-willed little beauty had met for the first time with defeat. When she had got over her womanly shock at the news of the sham baron's death, she had, I fear, only a selfish regret at his taking off, believing that if living he would in some way show the world—which just then consisted of the headquarters and Maj. Van Zandt—that he had really made love to her, and possibly did honorably love her still, and might yet give her an opportunity to reject him. And now he was dead, and she was held up to the world as the conceited plaything of a fine gentleman's masquerading sport. That her father's cupidity and ambition made him sanction the imposture, in her bitterness, she never doubted. No! Lover, friend, father—all had been false to her, and the only kindness she had received was from the men she had wantonly insulted. Poor little Blossom! indeed a most premature Blossom; I fear a most unthankful Blossom, sitting there shivering in the first chill wind of adversity, rocking backward and forward, with the skirt of her dimity short gown over her shoulders, and her little buckled shoes and clocked stockings pathetically crossed before her.

But healthy youth is reactive; and in an hour or two Thankful was down at the cow shed, with her arms around the neck of her favorite heifer, to whom she poured out much of her woes, and from whom she won an intelligent sort of slobbering sympathy. And then she sharply scolded Cæsar for nothing at all, and a moment after returned to the house with the air and face of a deeply injured angel, who had been disappointed in some celestial idea of setting this world right, but was still not above forgiveness—a spectacle that sunk Maj. Van Zandt into the dark depths of remorse, and eventually sent him to smoke a pipe of Virginia with his men in the roadside camp; seeing which, Thankful went early to bed and cried herself to sleep. And nature possibly followed her example; for at sunset a great thaw set in, and by midnight the freed rivers and brooks were gurgling melodiously, and tree and shrub and fence were moist and dripping.

The red dawn at last struggled through the vaporous veil that hid the landscape. Then occurred one of those magical changes peculiar to the climate, yet perhaps pre-eminently notable during that historic winter and spring. By ten o'clock on that 31 of May, 1780, a fervent June-like sun had rent that vaporous veil, and poured its direct rays upon the gaunt and haggard profile of the Jersey hills. The chilled soil responded but feebly to that kiss; perhaps a few of the willows that followed the river banks took on a deeper color. But the country folk were certain that spring had come at last; and even the correct and self-sustained Maj. Van Zandt came running in to announce to Mistress Thankful that one of his men had seen a violet in the meadow. In another moment Mistress Thankful had donned her cloak and pattens to view this first token of the vernal season.

But the violets were hidden. Mistress Thankful, regardless of the wet leaves and her new gown, groped with her fingers among the withered grasses. Maj. Van Zandt leaned against a bowlder and watched her with admiring eyes.

"You'll never find flowers that way," she said at last, looking up to him impatiently. "Go down on your knees like an honest man. There are some things in this world worth stooping for."

The major instantly dropped on his knees beside her... But at that moment Mistress Thankful found her pastes, and rose to her feet. "Stay where you are," she said mischievously, as she stooped down and placed a flower in the lapel of his coat. "That is to make amends for my rudeness. Now get up."

But the major did not rise. He caught the two little hands that had seemed to flutter like birds against his breast, and, looking up into the laughing face above him, said: "Dear Mistress Thankful, dare I remind you of your own words, that 'there be some things worth stooping for' Think of my love, Mistress Thankful, as a flower—mayhap not as gracious to you as your violets, but as honest and—and—and—as"——

"Ready to spring up in a single night," laughed Thankful. "But do get up, major! What would the fine ladies of Morristown say of your kneeling at the feet of a country girl—the play and sport of every fine gentleman? What if Mistress Bolton should see her own cavalier, the modish Maj Van Zandt, proffering his affections to the disgraced sweetheart of a perjured traitor? Leave go my hand, I pray you major, if you respect"——

She was free, yet she faltered a moment beside him, with tears quiver'ing on her long brown lashes. Then she said tremulously, "Rise up, major. Let us think no more of this. I pray you forgive me, if I have again been rude."

The major struggled to rise to his fett, but he could not. And then I regret to have to record that the fact became obvious that one of his shapely legs was in a bog hole, and that he was perceptibly sinking out of sight. Wherest Mistress Thankful trilled out a three syllabled laugh, looked demure and painfully concerned at his condition and then laughed again. The major joined in her mirth, albeit his face was crimson. And then, with a little cry of alarm she flew to his side and put her arms around him.

"Keep away, keep away, for Heaven's sake, Mistress Blossom," he said quickly, "or I shall plunge you into my mishap, and make you as ridiculous as myself."

But the quick witted girl had already leaped to an adjacent bowlder. "Take off your sash," she said quickly; "fasten it to your belt and throw it to me." He did so. She straightened herself back on the rock. "Now, all together," she cried, with a preliminary strain on the sash: and then the cords of her well trained muscles stood out on her rounded arms, and, with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, she landed the major upon the rock. And then she laughed; and then, inconsistent as it may appear, she became grave, and at once proceeded to scrape him off, and rub him down with dried leaves with fern twigs, with her handkerchief, with the border of her mantle, as if he were a child, until he blushed with alternate shame and secret satisfaction.

They spoke but little on their return to the farm house, for Mistress Thankful had again become grave. And yet the sun shone cheerily above them; the landscape was filled with the joy of resurrection and new and awakened life; the breeze whispered gentle promises of hope and the fruition of their hopes in the summer to come. And these two fared on until they reached the porch, with a half pleased, half frightened consciousness that they were not the same beings who had left it a half hour before.

Nevertheless at the porch Mistress Thankful regained something of her old audacity. As they stood together in the hall, she handed him back the sash she had kept with her. As she did so, she could not help saying: "There are some things worth stooping for, Maj. Van Zandt."

But she had not calculated upon the audacity of the man; and as she turned to fly she was caught by his strong arm, and pinioned to his side. She struggled, honestly I think, and perhaps more frightened at her own feelings than at his strength; but it is to be recorded that he kissed her in a moment of comparative yielding, and then, frightened himself, released her quickly, whereat she fled to her room, and threw herself panting and troubled upon her bed. For an hour or two she lay there, with flushed cheeks and conflicting thoughts. "He must never kiss me again," she said softly to herself, "unless"—but the interrupting thought said, "I shall die if he kiss me not again; and I never can kiss another." And then she was roused by a footstep upon the stair, which in that brief time she had learned to know and look for, and a knock at the door. She opened it to Maj. Van Zandt, white and so colorless as to bring out once more the faint red line made by her riding whip two days before, as if it had risen again in accusation. The blood dropped out of her cheeks as she gazed at him in silence.

"An escort of dragoons," said Maj Van Zandt, slowly, and with military precision, "has just arrived, bringing with them one Capt. Allan Brewster, of the Connecticut contingent, on his way to the Connecticut contingent, on his way to Morristown to be tried for mutiny and treason. A private note from Col. Hamilton instructs me to allow him to have a fifteen minutes private audience with you—if you so wish it."

With a woman's swift and too often hopeless intuition, Thankful knew that this was not the sole contents of the letter, and that her relations with Capt. Brewster were known to the man before her. But she drew herself up a little proudly, and, turning her truthful eyes upon the major, said: "I do so wish it."

"It shall be done as you desire, Mistress Blossom," returned the officer, with cold politeness, as he turned upon his heel.

"One moment, Maj. Van Zandt," said Thankful, swiftly.

The major turned quickly, but Thankful's eyes were gazing thoughtfully forward, and scarcely glanced at him. "I would prefer," she said timidly and hesitatingly, "that this interview should not take place under the roof where—where more than this first utterance of his Christian name, that made him pause.

"I told—a—lie—just—now. There is a fleeter horse in the stable than my mare; 'tis the roan filly in the second stall."

"God bless you!"

He was gone. She waited to hear the clatter of his horse's hoofs in the roadway. When Cæsar came in a few moments later, to tell the news of Capt. Brewster's escape, the room was empty; but it was soon filled again by a dozen turbulent troopers.

"Of course she's gone," said Sergt. Tibbitts; "the jade flew with the captain."

"Ay, 'tis plain enough. Two horses are gone from the stable besides the major's," said Private Hicks.

Nor was this military criticism entirely a private one. When the courier arrived at headquarters the next morning, it was to bring the report that Mistress Thankful Blossom, after assisting her lover to escape, had fled with him. "The renegade is well off our hands," said Gen. Sullivan gruffly; "he has saved us the public disgrace of a trial. But this is bad news of Maj. Van Zandt."

"What news of the major?" asked Washington quickly.

"He pursued the vagabond as far as Springfield, killing his horse, and falling himself insensible before Maj. Merton's quarters. Here he became speedily delirious, fever supervened, and the regimental surgeon, after a careful examination, pronounced his case one of smallpox."

A whisper of horror and pity went around the room. "Another gallant soldier, who should have died leading a charge, laid by the heels by a beggar's filthy distemper," growled Sullivan.

"Where will it end?"

"God knows," said Hamilton. "Poor Van Zandt! But whither was he sent—to the hospital?"

"No; a special permit was granted in his case; and 'tis said he was removed to the Blossom farm—it being remote from neighbors—and the house placed under quarantine. Abner Blossom has prudently absented himself from the chances of infection, and the daughter has died. The sick man is attended only by a black servant and an ancient crone; so that, if the poor major escapes with his life or without disfigurement, pretty Mistress Bolton of Morristown, need not be scandalized or jealous."

CHAPTER V.

The ancient crone alluded to in the last chapter had been standing behind the window curtains of that bedroom which had been Thankful Blossom's in the weeks gone by. She did not move her head, but stood looking demurely, after the manner of ancient crones, over the summer landscape. For the summer had come before the tardy spring was scarce gone, and the elms before the window no longer lisped, but were eloquent in the softest zephyrs. There was the flash of birds in among the bushes, the occasional droning of bees in and out the open window, and a perpetually swinging censer of flower incense rising from below. The farm had put on its gayest bridal raiment; and looking at the old farm house shadowed with foliage and green with creeping vines, it was difficult to conceive that snow had ever lain on its porches, or icicles swung from its mossy eaves.

"Thankful!" said a voice still tremulous with weakness.

The ancient crone turned, drew aside the curtains and showed the sweet face of Thankful Blossom, more beautiful even in its paleness.

"Come here, darling," repeated the voice.

Thankful stepped to the sofa whereon lay the convalescent Maj. Van Zandt.

"Tell me, sweetheart," said the major, taking her hand in his, "when you married me as you told the chaplain, that you might have the right to nurse me, did you never think that if death spared me I might be so disfigured that even you, dear love, would have turned from me with loathing?"

"That was why I did it, dear," said Thankful mischievously. "I know that the pride, and the sense of honor, and self devotion of some people would have kept them from keeping their promises to a poor girl."

"But, darling," continued the major, raising her hand to his lips, "suppose the case had been reversed; suppose you had taken the disease, that I had recovered without disfigurement, but that this sweet face"——

"I thought of that, too," interrupted Thankful.

"Well, what would you have done, dear?" said the major, with his old mischievous smile.

"I should have died," said Thankful, gravely.

"But how?"

"Somehow. But you are to go to sleep, and not ask impertinent and frivolous questions: for father is coming to-morrow."

"Thankful, dear, do you know what the trees and the birds said to me as I lay there tossing with fever?"

"No, dear."

"Thankful Blossom! Thankful Blossom! Thankful Blossom is coming!"

"Do you know what I said, sweetheart, as I lifted your dear head from the ground when you reeled from your horse just as I overtook you at Springfield?"

"No, dear."

"There are some things in life worth stooping for."

And she winged this Parthian arrow home with a kiss.

THE END.

How Fatigue Operates.

After a study of some years, Professor Mosso, of Turin, finds that when fatigue is carried beyond the moderate stage, at which it is decidedly beneficial, it subjects the blood to a decomposing process through the infiltration into it of substances which act as poisons, and which, when injected into the circulation of healthy animals, induce uneasiness and all the signs of excessive exhaustion. When within the resisting power of the subject, fatigue has its pleasures and even joys, these being the expression of the organic consciousness that bodily loss of tissue is being balanced by reconstruction. Mosso's experiments were performed on Italian soldiers, and they proved, among the other results, that the stature and power of the modern warrior are fully equal to those of the ancient Roman.—Arkansaw Traveler.

His Desperate Resolve.

One day Matthew Byles, the old parson, with a very long face came into the room where his family was sitting and said: "I am tired of life and I must put an end to myself." Saying this, he immediately left the room and went into his study and locked the door behind him. Of course the family were struck dumb with astonishment and terror. What were they to do? Father certainly was going to commit suicide. After a little thought they decided to break the door open. By the combined efforts of the whole family the lock was torn asunder, and what do you suppose met their astonished gaze? There, cantering up and down the room, was the old doctor with a cow's tail fastened to the tail of his ministerial frock. The old clergyman had certainly put an end to himself.—Boston Record.

On the Mount of Olives.

The tower which is being erected by the Russians on the highest point of the Mount of Olives is already several stories high, but one more is to be added. The object is to make it so high that both the Mediterranean and Dead sea may be seen from the top. A number of bells will be placed in the tower. In digging the foundation seven Christian graves were found, together with an inscription in Greek, in together with an inscription in Greek, in which the word "Gitphamus" could yet be deciphered.—Home Journal.

Blooded Cattle.

Dominion Short Horns and Jersey Cattle bred and for sale. Stock will recommend itself. Dr. W. L. CHRISMAN, Eldred, Pa. vol24no20tf.

Blood! Blood!!

Don't fail to use Deimts' Great Blood purifyer for any physical disability or ill health. It will keep you in health or restore it if lost. For sale at McCoy's drug store other and places of trade in this county, either in dry compound at 50 cents a package or in liquid form at $1.00 per bottle. Free from alcos. G. T. Dennis, Proprietor and Manufacturer, Eldred, Pa.

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with coughs, asthma, bronchetis and consumption. E. B. McCoy will give any person a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. Price 50c and $1. nov4ly

ITCH and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport, Pa. vol18no47-y1

A SHIP OF '49.

A California Tale of the Earlier Days.

BY

BRET HARTE.

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This story deals with a Missourian who "sailed" westward in a "prairie schooner," in the earlier days—accompanied by his wife, a baby girl, and his outfit—encountered Indians, privation and suffering, and during the journey lost his wife by fever. He worked his way westward, and our story finds him established in San Francisco, keeping a lodging house in the hull of a deserted vessel,

THE PONTIAC,

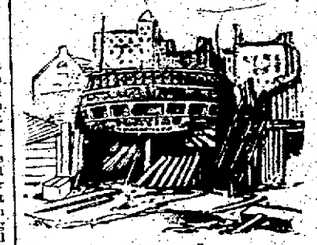
Abandoned on the shore, years before, by her gold seeking crew, and subsequently surrounded by drifting sand and refuse, until we find her stern facing one of San Francisco's streets, the decks being partitioned off for the accommodation of the various roomers.

The baby girl of former years—Rosey—assists in the management of the queer establishment, and two of the tenants figure conspicuously in the narrative.

The owner of the craft, Mr. Abner Nott, is a queer mixture of gullibility, ridiculous innocence and persistent and ludicrous misapprehension; but he is wiser than he looks, and takes in a San Francisco real estate shark, who connives to defraud him of the treasure supposed to be secreted in the hold of the "Pontiac," in a manner designed to "point a moral," as it certainly "adorns the tale."

The sharper engages a young man to discover the treasure, but the young fellow repents, falls in love with Rosey and nobody is "left" but the would be robber.

The illustrations in this story are by CUSACKS. Here are a few specimens:



"THE SHIP."

"MR. RENSHAW—MY DARLER."

THE TREASURE WAS THERE.

A ROUNDABOUT WAY HOME.

This Serial, the opening chapters of which will soon appear, is written in BRET HARTE'S best style.

READ IT!

"I am a traitor, and this is my bribe."

Mc Kean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Smethport Pa Nov 11 1887

THANKSGIVING

By the President of the United States of America A Proclamation

It has pleased Almighty God to bless our country with another year of peace and prosperity and to crown the labors of our people with abundant harvests It is fitting that we should express our gratitude for these favors and acknowledge our dependence upon Him who holds in His hands the destinies of nations and of men

Now therefore I Grover Cleveland President of the United States do hereby appoint Thursday the twenty fourth day of November next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to be observed by the people of the United States in their homes and places of worship according to their several forms of religious belief and practice

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed

Done at the City of Washington this twenty fifth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty seven and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twelfth

By the President

THOMAS F BAYARD Secretary of State

A PROCLAMATION

By the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

In accordance with the time honored custom of the people of this commonwealth and of the United States I Robert E Pattison Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania do appoint and set apart Thursday the 24th day of November A D 1887 as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to be observed by the people

On that day let all engage in the usual religious services of the sanctuary and in the interchange of those kindly courtesies which add new links to the family chain Let the poor and the afflicted be remembered with generous gifts and let the prisoner be visited and comforted Let the hearts of children be filled with gladness and let parents and guardians teach them to lisp their praises to Him who has given us all the good things we enjoy

Let us not forget to testify our gratitude to God by our conduct to our fellow men Let us be just and generous in all our dealings with them and let us remember that the only way to show our love to God is by loving and helping our brethren

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Harrisburg this twenty fifth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty seven and of the Commonwealth the one hundred and twelfth

JAMES A BEAVER Governor

THE RESULT

Of overwhelming victory of the Republican and Independent Democrats in McKean county on Tuesday last we need say little to our readers The fact stands out in bold relief and the full results of the Canadian party in this county is unable to change it with all the trickery and fraud at the command of the fusion with the Democratic party we can spare it The figures will be found in another column and we call attention to them

The election returns which we publish elsewhere will furnish much food for reflection Examination of those returns will show that the entire ticket was elected by a majority ranging from 117 to 729 The vote for Auditor General is the only one that falls below the latter figure and for the reason that Col Mann had no opposition on the Democratic ticket and a large number of Republicans refused to vote for Mr Boyle who was put on the ticket by the Labor party

We feel safe in saying that the victory of Tuesday was a rebuke to Republicans as well as Democrats who were opposed to the Independent ticket as well as to the Democratic ticket In the township of Keating for instance the Democratic vote was 82 and the Republican vote 82 and the Independent vote 82 Now we feel safe in saying that if the Republicans had not been opposed to the Independent ticket the majority for the Republican ticket would have been 164 instead of 82 and the majority for the Republican candidate for Auditor General would have been 164 instead of 82 Now we feel safe in saying that if the Republicans had not been opposed to the Independent ticket the majority for the Republican ticket would have been 164 instead of 82 and the majority for the Republican candidate for Auditor General would have been 164 instead of 82

We feel safe in saying that if the Republicans had not been opposed to the Independent ticket the majority for the Republican ticket would have been 164 instead of 82 and the majority for the Republican candidate for Auditor General would have been 164 instead of 82

THE VICTORS.

HON. THOMAS A. MORRISON.

Majority in the County, 142. In District, 891.

WM. B. CLARKE.

Majority------- 535. Plurality- -- -----729.

J M. McELROY.

Majority --- -- 282. Plurality- ------ 486.

JAMES A. McKEAN.

Majority Over Matthews----------117.

HON. P. M. FULLER.

Plurality Over Matthews----------334.

GEO A. STURGEON.

Plurality ----------1127

FRANK R. FOSTER.

Plurality----------125

JNO. O. SONBERGH.

Plurality----------85

COCK O' THE WALK.

The - Conglomerate - Chicken

Who Had a Tussle With the "Cock o the Walk"

THE ELECTION DAY

The elections throughout the country on Tuesday last resulted generally in splendid Republican victories Following are the results as far as received

PENNSYLVANIA

The majorities for Hon Henry W Williams for Supreme Judge and Capt William B Hart for State Treasurer will reach nearly if not quite 40 000

OHIO

Gov J B Forker is reelected by a majority estimated from 25 000 to 27 000 All the Republican State ticket is elected and the new Legislature will be overwhelmingly Republican

MASSACHUSETTS

There was a bitter fight made against the reelection of Gov Oliver Ames the Republican candidate, but the returns show that his plurality will reach at least 15 000 The new Legislature will be largely Republican in both branches

NEBRASKA

Maxwell the Republican candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court and the other State candidates were elected by some 8 000 majority

NEW YORK

The Democrats elected their State ticket by a small plurality but the Republicans will control both houses of the Legislature

Iowa elected the public an State ticket by 20 000 majority

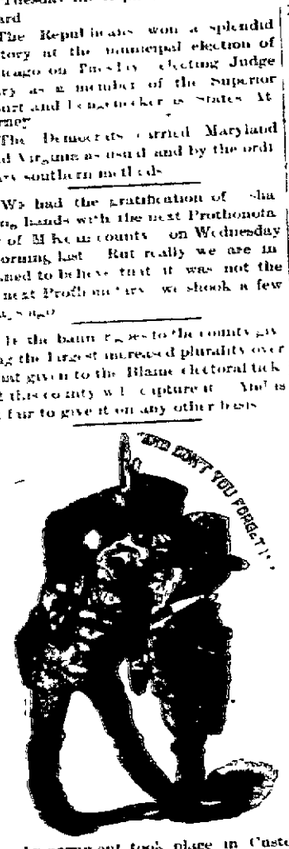
In Rhode Island an election was held for a Member of Congress which resulted in a great victory for the Republicans At the previous election the Democrats carried the district, but on Tuesday the Republicans swept the board

The Republicans won a splendid victory at the municipal election of Chicago on Tuesday electing Judge Geary as a member of the Superior Court and Democratic as States Attorney

The Democrats carried Maryland and Virginia as usual and by the ordinary southern methods

We had the gratification of shaking hands with the next Prothonotary of McKean county on Wednesday morning, last But really we are inclined to believe that it was not the next Prothonotary we shook a few days ago

In the ballot boxes to the county giving the largest increased plurality over that given to the Blaine electoral ticket this county will capture it And it is fair to give it on any other basis



An argument took place in Custer City on Wednesday morning last when a little fellow had the cause of the defeat explained to him

A FIRST-CLASS LIAR

The N Y *Tribune* distributed gratuitously to Republicans throughout the country, takes the cake for partisanly lies It isn't possible for it to state truthfully the most trifling fact if it involves the action of the Republican party In the last number it says

"In January 1887 when the Republican caucus of the Pennsylvania Legislature proposed to submit to the people a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the liquor traffic contingent upon the granting of compensation there was a protest raised by the Prohibitionists which caused the caucus to retire in undignified haste from that attitude

There was no protest by the Prohibitionists no opportunity given them to protest, and no Prohibitionists present to protest and the amendment without compensation was reported by a committee of 15 Republicans to the general caucus and adopted with scarcely a dissenting voice There was a proposition to add a compensation clause, but the caucus refused to entertain it for the reason that it would not have been a fulfillment of the State pledge made by the party in the State convention All this is matter of history that can be confirmed by an examination of the newspaper files of the time and the *Tribune* knows it to be true. But it is not the disposition of the *Tribune* to tell the truth its editors are the most industrious and thoroughgoing liars in the newspaper field, and although the paper pretends to favor morality and virtue and truth, its example is more pernicious than that of the *Police Gazette*, for the same reason that a hypocrite can do more harm than an open sinner. —*Harrisburg Telegraph*.

The Port Allegany Conglomerate Organizer's condition after receiving the returns from the county.

WHAT PROTECTION HAS DONE

Built up towns and cities.
Kept American money in America
Provided abundance and cheapness
Give us commercial independence
Doubled our foreign trade since 1860
Provided steady work for willing workers
Universally expanded the useful industries
Increased manufactures five fold in twenty years
Vastly improved the condition of farm laborers
Conserved both individual and national interests
Fed and clad Americans with American products
Lowered many articles below the European prices
Unlocked the capital awaiting profitable investment
Applied our own labor to our own natural resources
Created diversity of employment for skilled labor
Reduced the price of every manufactured article
Enormously increased the general wealth of the country
Turned capital into ten thousand channels of enterprise
Raised the average of wages to double that paid in Europe
Put 90 per cent of the annual product into the pocket of labor
Presented labor the key to knowledge and self improvement
Contributed to the prosperity not of the few but of the many
Enchanced the value of farming lands by promoting manufactures
Aided in the distribution of wealth by encouraging competition
Fortified artificial advantages, such as those arising from inventions
Made the United States the greatest workshop on the face of the earth
Increased revenue and commerce in greater ratio than population
Improved the quality as well as increased the quantity of manufactures
Lowered the cost of living more than 25 per cent since 1876
Diminished profits but at the same time enlarged the volume of business
Rendered possible the payment of living wages for getting out raw material
Created the production and wonderfully reduced the price of steel rails
Established an equilibrium between agriculture commerce and manufactures
Provided a market at home that takes seven eighths of the farmers products
Steadily increased the wages of skilled and unskilled labor in the last ten years
Armed the government for a successful war of defense against the seceding South
Put the vast volume of our currency into constant and general use among ourselves
Benefited the farmer by preventing his customers from becoming his competitors
Provided occupation or the means of living for more than 5,000,000 immigrants
Saved 3 000 000 workers from the results of direct competition with cheap foreign labor
Caused American labor to be more productive per man than that of any other land
Made a market for products at the very door of the factory and the gate of the farm
Cheapened the cost of transportation by stimulating the investment of capital in railroads
Diverted the energies of the people into new pursuits and opened up new avenues to employment
Promoted the exportation of manufactures by cheapening them while still maintaining good wages
Blessed labor with the ability to create a demand for more labor by being able to buy what it produces
Prevented an inundation of foreign goods like that which swept away our manufacturing industries in 1817
Developed to an approximate state of perfection those industries requiring a high degree of skill in the workmen
So fostered our woolen industries that they make four fifths of all woolen goods used by American people
Opened to the industrious poor of other lands the gateway to the largest opportunities for bettering their condition
Enabled American silk manufacturers to grow and prosper and make the best dress goods produced in the world to-day
Brought the consumption of manufactured commodities up to twice as much per capita as any other nation consumes
Enabled the United States to reduce its debt $1 500 000,000 since 1865
Reduced pauperism, so that with a population one third larger than the whole of Great Britain the United States has less paupers than Scotland alone
So diffused capital that the working people of the United States now have on deposit in savings banks, building associations and other saving institutions not less than $2,000,000,000

CHARITIES OF THE G A R

Gen Lucius Fairchild in the American *Magazine*, says of the G A R charities Well words are facts, when they announce great principles But the order has something else to show It is doing a grand and noble work in charity to the families of deceased and dependent soldiers For this year the actual reported outlay exceeds $253,000 but if we reckon the accounts paid for the same purpose and never reported it is fair to say that not less than half a million dollars has been thus expended During the sixteen years from 1871 to 1886 the sum of $3,173,688 60 has been disbursed in charities and as it is well known that one half is not reported, there can be no exaggeration in saying that twice that amount has thus been well spent

It may, indeed, be doubted whether this order does not give a greater percentage of its receipts, if not a larger total amount in charity, that any other organization, religious or secular There are distributing agents in the order All the money disbursed in charity is given directly to the needy recipients, the families of deceased soldiers or those depending on soldiers who, because of disease or wounds, are unable to provide for their families, and, in some instances, to the soldiers themselves.

THE *Reporter* says that the County Commissioners don't belong to the "Court House ring." Well, who does belong to it? Why don't you give the names?

CHARLES A BERRY,

the English dissenter who succeeds the late Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth church Brooklyn

Mr. Blaine Misrepresented

So many of personal friends have lately defined Blaine's position that there ought to be no doubt what it is Mr Carnegie speaking from close intimacy said he felt certain he had no idea of going before the convention Senators Frye and Hale believed Mr Blaine did not wish the nomination certainly had not yet concluded to take it and was not seeking it, and they did not believe he would do so Now Mr Stephen B Elkins apparently thinks this is not quite the fact Blaine, he believes is by far the stronger man and will likely enough be the candidate anyway he will if he wants to be That he says will depend very much on this week's elections when Blaine's friends will have a conference to talk things over 'Blaine, says Elkins, "does not propose to take the responsibility of defeat a second time We are holding our position to await events Blaine can run if he wants to" Mr Elkins wishes to correct false impressions created by what the gentlemen above quoted have said of Blaine's wishes He wishes it to be understood that Blaine has neither said a word nor done a thing to justify the belief that he will not take the nomination if it is tendered him and which Mr Elkins says he can have without asking for it Mr Elkins concludes as follows

I received a letter from Blaine yesterday He will not return to the United States short of next winter and it may be even later What amazes me is the studied effort to make him out in such poor health In his letter he speaks of himself and family as enjoying exceptionally excellent health and as having a delightful time Blaine represents the great bulk of the sentiment and support of the Republican party so if he should decline to be a candidate for any reason his friends would be a unit in determining who shall be the nominee so that it makes no difference in the end *Pittsburg Times*

On Thursday Governor Ogelsby of Illinois commuted the sentences of the Anarchists Fielden and Schwab to life imprisonment Parsons Spies Engel and Fischer were executed in Chicago of this Friday morning Lingg committed suicide in his cell on Thursday morning by blowing his head to pieces with a candle loaded with fulminate

The old Sexton digging the Conglomerate grave

How the Condemned Anarchists Took

Here in arms reach is the scaffold corner from whence but lately the souls of three Italians together went out into the hereafter, just down below us, coming at a four mile gait are Fielden Spies and Schwab abreast, filling to the utmost the hour of exercise allotted them A glance at Schwab pale spectacled, blackbearded tall slim spider legged, shows you Carl Schurz by Nast. Spies, well built, medium height light complexioned good looking manly in his bearing with his head upraised as though proud of his young past has a German cast of features yet far less handsome than many of his countrymen in Quincy Fielden is a solid built heavily bearded Englishman evidently always ready for anything the coming hour may bring be it victory or defeat They suddenly disappear behind the double tier of cells we follow On the inside of the heavy iron cage is suit covered with a closely woven wire netting sits Engle, looking much like an honest well to do middle age mechanic, who would find no time for anything but his daily work and society of the pale, little, all motherly looking wife, who sat with her cheek pressed to the opposite side of the cruel iron a few feet further on sat Parsons the crankiest most defiant looking of them all, and as we notice the large dowdyish negress his wife who seemingly enjoys her surroundings the unpleasant impression Parsons has made increases There at the corner, standing as none of the others do is a tall, dainty formed girl with a face so sweet and pure and expressive, so devoid of sensuality and sensationalism our fist closes and our muscles harden as comes the desire to knock down the good looking German who has voodooed Nina Van Zandt One can but feel deepest indignation while thus surrounded towards the parents who would allow such a daughter with such relationships and prospects, to be thus sacrificed and our lips whispered a hope that they and Spies may yet have to pay in some manner for the injury done this girl *Aurora (Illinois) Whig*

Greatly Excited

Not a few of the citizens of Smethport have recently become greatly excited over the astounding fact, that several of their friends who had been pronounced by their physicians as incurable and beyond all hope—suffering with the dreaded monster Consumption—have been completely cured by Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption, the only remedy that does positively cure all throat and lung diseases. Coughs, Colds Asthma and Bronchitis

Trial bottles free at A B Armstrong's drug store, large bottles 50 cents and $1

Wonderful Cures

W D Hoyt & Co., wholesale and retail druggists of Rome, Ga., say We have been selling Dr King's new discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by the use of a few bottles of Dr King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Eclectric Bitters. We guarantee them always Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Drafts on Any Bank in Europe,

and tickets to and from any place in the old world sold at the lowest possible rates by J. O. Sonbergh, Clermont, Pa., Agent for E. B. Richard & Co., Bankers, 61 Broadway, N. Y. no26tf.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me" H. A. Archer M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y

IMPORTANT!

We wish to announce to the people of Colegrove and vicinity, and public in general, that we have completed the addition to our store and now occupy a building 20x74 feet on one floor and are now better advantages to buy in larger quantities and sell at much lower figures

We have added to our Complete Stock of

Ladies' Dress Flannels, Cashmeres,

—AND A FULL LINE OF—

Trimmings to Match All Colors!

Which we can sell at the very lowest figures

Have just received a large stock of Ladies, Gents and Children's Scotch Wool Camels Hair and Merino Underwear in all grades At the Ladies' Misses and Children's Wool and Cashmere Hose our line is complete

Our celebrated Lumberman is complete from a Scotch Cap to the best Rubbers

We cannot afford to occupy a whole page of the MINER with what we would like to quote prices—but call and see us and we will show you the goods and quote prices

We deliver goods within 3 miles of the store and pay freight to the nearest railroad depot We will also duplicate all bills in our line both in quality and price

CHAS. A. ANDERSON,

Colegrove, Pa.

READ THIS

—AND GO TO—

Henry Weith's Merchant Tailoring Establishment!

No 49 Main Street (Ev Chadwick's old stand) and

Get Measured for Your Fine Suits of Clothes

Having as per six weeks previous notice to H W. Rubin severed my connections as cutter with his tailoring branch on July 4th I take pleasure of informing all my customers and the public at large that I have embarked in business for myself again and will be pleased to give your kind patronage the best attention which my 16 years experience as journeyman tailor cutter and designer in the finest establishments in Buffalo and Olean enables me to do. I subscribe for two of the best journals, which are authority on American fashions and by careful perusal of them I keep posted on the newest prevailing styles, both in cut, trimming and nobby material, and I shall make it my main aim to keep my customers posted on these matters so that our business townsmen and our hale and hardy woodsmen of the great McKean county forests can dress just as neat and stylish as their city brothers

I will constantly keep on hand a large selection of the finest foreign and domestic woolens, numbering up to 2,000 different styles and the best line of trimmings that money can procure I shall buy and sell my goods for cash only and by doing my own cutting and supervising of the work I can get up a suit of clothes cheaper than any other tailor in this section and by using good taste in designing and trimming, I will be able to turn out work that is as far superior to the

Hand-Me-Down-All-Wool-But-The-Buttons—You Can Smell the Sheep Trade

as our Lord was superior to the Pharisees.

Hoping that you will give the above lines your kind consideration, and after reading them hand them to your neighbor, I remain,

Respectfully Yours,

HENRY WEITH,

"The Little Tailor," -:- Smethport, Penn'a.

Silver Mountain Granite,

MARBLE!

—AND—

Stone Works!

Smethport, Pa.

WM H MARTIN, Sole Proprietor

JOHN SHUSKEY, Manager

TO THE PUBLIC

Having recently purchased the "Silver Mountain Granite and Marble Works" formerly owned by John Digel, I will continue the business, and in addition to the famous "Silver Mountain Granite," which has withstood the elements for a century without moussing, crumbling or defacing, and which has proven itself the most desirable stone for monumental purposes, I will add to his usual stock—

Scotch Granite, Grey Granite, Pebbled Granite,

AND THE NOW FAMOUS

RED GRANITE!

From the quarries on the coast of Maine

I will do all manner of Marble Work that parties may desire either in American, Italian or Antique Marbles.

To all parties ordering at the shop, I will give ten per cent discount from list price.

I have arranged with parties in Boston for granite polishing, and am therefore able to give prices that cannot be duplicated in any granite or marble works. Call and see us, get our prices and compare the work. vol24no21tf

WILLIAMS & ROGERS'

Rochester Business University.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Presents an opportunity for securing preparation for the real work of life, which thousands of young men have found a stepping stone to HONORABLE and CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS. The institution is in a most prosperous condition, and its patrons are composed of a superior class of young men and women from all parts of the continent. Send for one hundred page catalogue.

The McKean County Miner

[illegible] Nov 11, 1887

Renew Your Subscription.

[illegible] subscription[illegible] the Independent [illegible] to from with [illegible] months of [illegible] and CO[illegible] have subscribed [illegible] with the [illegible] by which [illegible] two papers [illegible] year [illegible] and we now [illegible] with the paper as well as [illegible] who desire two good [illegible] a local county [illegible] the other one of the best paper published in the [illegible] time [illegible] one year from [illegible] opportunity [illegible] order that for ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS we [illegible] the Miner and Daily Weekly Press one year [illegible] subscription

[illegible] AND HUMOROUS.

[illegible] with returns [illegible] thing of the past [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Prof. DILL'S

BALM

OF

LIFE!

THE GRAND REMEDY

FOR

CRAMPS,

Cholera Infantum,

SUMMER COMPLAINTS,

Soreness, Swellings,

AND ALL PAINS

ACHES DISEASE SAVED

One bottle by the way of and when taken according to directions will relieve the most violent attack of Cramps in from one to twenty minutes. Not one case in a thousand requires more than two bottles to effect a permanent cure. We warrant it to do all we claim for it. Sold by druggists for twenty-five cents a bottle.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

DR. J. F. DILL,

Sold by all Druggists.

Smethport, Pa.

GLEASON & LEMMLER,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HARNESS

OF EVERY STYLE AND CHARACTER

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT

LOWEST RATES.

Also a full line of

Saddles, Blankets, Whips, Etc.

Also keep on hand a full line of

TRUNKS & VALISES

We have a large stock of Leather and Shoe Findings, and are prepared to sell at the lowest prices. Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere, and be convinced that we can save you money. Repairing done promptly and neatly. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

Yours truly,

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, March 1, 1886.

H. A. SPRAGUE'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Opposite the Bear Central,

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, House Furnishing Goods

SILVERWARE,

Cutlery, Lamps,

Glass, Lead, Oils, Paints, Putty, Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools,

In connection with my Tinware Store I have a Plumbing Shop and am prepared to do all kinds of Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting in the most workmanlike manner. Any work in my line entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Shop in rear of store.

A COMPETENT TINNER

always on hand ready to do work on short notice.

JAMES McNULTY,

Merchant Tailor!

EAST MAIN STREET,

Smethport, Pa.

A line of samples kept constantly on hand. Mr. McNulty is reputed as a fine cutter and artist as well as a reliable tailor. Good suits for 24 and 25 dollars and pants made promptly attended to. Give him a call.

Shop in Smith's building, Main street, Smethport.

GO TO

ROONEY'S MARKET

Where can be found at all times the best

FOR A

Nice Piece of Meat

Fresh, Salt or Smoked.

FOR

FRESH & SALT FISH

AND FOR SALE

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

I will pay in the highest cash price for

STOCK AND HIDES

SALE AND SATISFY YOUR APPETITE

Nearly opposite Catholic church, Main St.

J. F. ROONEY.

WAGON,

Carriage and Blacksmith Shop,

MECHANICSBURG, SMETHPORT PA.

Wm. Masser, - Prop'r.

HORSESHOEING

A SPECIALTY.

The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with

Bad Feet!

All kinds of Repairing done to order on short notice.

YOU can by a little work for us during your spare moments or all the time. Capital not required. We furnish you everything. This is one of the few chances ever offered by which those willing to work can secure a profitable business. Write at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Letters testamentary upon the estate of Robert H. Rose, late of Smethport, McKean county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ROBT. H. ROSE

Executor.

Smethport, Pa., Oct. 19, 1887.—6t.

PROF. DILL'S BALM OF LIFE is the best remedy for Cramps, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaints, Soreness, Swellings, and all pains. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cents per bottle.

NOTICE.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Mary Ann Hamlin, late of Smethport, McKean county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ELIZABETH HAMLIN,

Administratrix.

Smethport, Pa., Oct. 19, 1887.—6t.

EDWARD S. GRINNELL

the State Attorney who prosecuted the Chicago Anarchists.

TALES OF GEN. FORREST.

The Rough and Tumble Manners of the Confederate Cavalry Leader

The following interesting incidents in the army life of the dashing rebel general were recently related by one who served under the Southern banner:

In October, 1863, when General N. B. Forrest crossed the Tennessee river and made a raid that was felt and feared in many a town and city of which strongly garrisoned. While making a raid against Jackson he found the larger part of his brigade to number, roughly, captain. He said: "Now, men, I want a short, sharp gallop, get up to the front and keep quiet, and, like Yankees, we are coming up in your rear."

With not a murmur of hesitation, in the most terrific, or manner imaginable, Forrest exclaimed:

"I don't care a ——— if it is on your face or in the rear."

While crossing the Tennessee river (return from this same raid) there was some difficulty in getting the artillery over the river. The ferryboat was a small one, and could only take one piece at a time. Forrest thought he could get over more rapidly by swimming his horse, and, calling to the artillerymen, said: "Help pull the boat in."

"But, general," some one answered, "we can't pull the boat in."

"Then I'll pull you in the river," shouted Forrest.

During a fight with Sherman, Forrest was wounded by a musketeer, who fired from the rear of a tree. He was shot in the back, the ball coming out in front. Forrest thought he was literally full of lead, and the next day, when he was asked how many wounds he had received, he replied: "Why, I don't know exactly how many I have got, but I have a dozen or more bullet holes in my clothes, and I reckon that is about the number I have got in my body."

Forrest was a man of powerful build, and was a splendid rider. He was a man of great courage, and was always in the front of the battle. He was a man of few words, and was not given to boasting. He was a man of great modesty, and was not given to vanity. He was a man of great piety, and was not given to profanity. He was a man of great temperance, and was not given to intemperance. He was a man of great chastity, and was not given to lasciviousness. He was a man of great humility, and was not given to pride. He was a man of great meekness, and was not given to anger. He was a man of great patience, and was not given to impatience. He was a man of great kindness, and was not given to cruelty. He was a man of great mercy, and was not given to severity. He was a man of great forgiveness, and was not given to revenge. He was a man of great love, and was not given to hatred. He was a man of great peace, and was not given to war. He was a man of great rest, and was not given to labor. He was a man of great sleep, and was not given to wakefulness. He was a man of great food, and was not given to fasting. He was a man of great drink, and was not given to abstinence. He was a man of great clothing, and was not given to nakedness. He was a man of great shelter, and was not given to exposure. He was a man of great health, and was not given to sickness. He was a man of great life, and was not given to death. He was a man of great resurrection, and was not given to the grave. He was a man of great heaven, and was not given to hell. He was a man of great God, and was not given to the devil. He was a man of great Christ, and was not given to Satan. He was a man of great Holy Ghost, and was not given to the unholy spirit. He was a man of great Trinity, and was not given to the unholy trinity. He was a man of great Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and was not given to the unholy Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He was a man of great Amen, and was not given to the unholy Amen. He was a man of great Hallelujah, and was not given to the unholy Hallelujah. He was a man of great Glory, and was not given to the unholy Glory. He was a man of great Honor, and was not given to the unholy Honor. He was a man of great Power, and was not given to the unholy Power. He was a man of great Might, and was not given to the unholy Might. He was a man of great Majesty, and was not given to the unholy Majesty. He was a man of great Dominion, and was not given to the unholy Dominion. He was a man of great Authority, and was not given to the unholy Authority. He was a man of great Government, and was not given to the unholy Government. He was a man of great Kingdom, and was not given to the unholy Kingdom. He was a man of great Throne, and was not given to the unholy Throne. He was a man of great Crown, and was not given to the unholy Crown. He was a man of great Scepter, and was not given to the unholy Scepter. He was a man of great Sword, and was not given to the unholy Sword. He was a man of great Shield, and was not given to the unholy Shield. He was a man of great Helmet, and was not given to the unholy Helmet. He was a man of great Breastplate, and was not given to the unholy Breastplate. He was a man of great Girdle, and was not given to the unholy Girdle. He was a man of great Shoes, and was not given to the unholy Shoes. He was a man of great Staff, and was not given to the unholy Staff. He was a man of great Rod, and was not given to the unholy Rod. He was a man of great Crook, and was not given to the unholy Crook. He was a man of great Flock, and was not given to the unholy Flock. He was a man of great Fold, and was not given to the unholy Fold. He was a man of great Sheepfold, and was not given to the unholy Sheepfold. He was a man of great Shepherd, and was not given to the unholy Shepherd. He was a man of great Lamb, and was not given to the unholy Lamb. He was a man of great Sacrifice, and was not given to the unholy Sacrifice. He was a man of great Altar, and was not given to the unholy Altar. He was a man of great Priest, and was not given to the unholy Priest. He was a man of great Temple, and was not given to the unholy Temple. He was a man of great Tabernacle, and was not given to the unholy Tabernacle. He was a man of great Ark, and was not given to the unholy Ark. He was a man of great Mercy-seat, and was not given to the unholy Mercy-seat. He was a man of great Cherubim, and was not given to the unholy Cherubim. He was a man of great Seraphim, and was not given to the unholy Seraphim. He was a man of great Angel, and was not given to the unholy Angel. He was a man of great Archangel, and was not given to the unholy Archangel. He was a man of great Michael, and was not given to the unholy Michael. He was a man of great Gabriel, and was not given to the unholy Gabriel. He was a man of great Raphael, and was not given to the unholy Raphael. He was a man of great Uriel, and was not given to the unholy Uriel. He was a man of great Jehovah, and was not given to the unholy Jehovah. He was a man of great Elohim, and was not given to the unholy Elohim. He was a man of great Adonai, and was not given to the unholy Adonai. He was a man of great Shaddai, and was not given to the unholy Shaddai. He was a man of great Sabaoth, and was not given to the unholy Sabaoth. He was a man of great Tetragrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Tetragrammaton. He was a man of great Pentagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Pentagrammaton. He was a man of great Hexagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Hexagrammaton. He was a man of great Heptagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Heptagrammaton. He was a man of great Octagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Octagrammaton. He was a man of great Enneagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Enneagrammaton. He was a man of great Decagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Decagrammaton. He was a man of great Hendecagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Hendecagrammaton. He was a man of great Dodecagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Dodecagrammaton. He was a man of great Tridecagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Tridecagrammaton. He was a man of great Tetradecagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Tetradecagrammaton. He was a man of great Pentadecagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Pentadecagrammaton. He was a man of great Hexadecagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Hexadecagrammaton. He was a man of great Heptadecagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Heptadecagrammaton. He was a man of great Octadecagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Octadecagrammaton. He was a man of great Enneadecagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Enneadecagrammaton. He was a man of great Icosagrammaton, and was not given to the unholy Icosagrammaton. 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